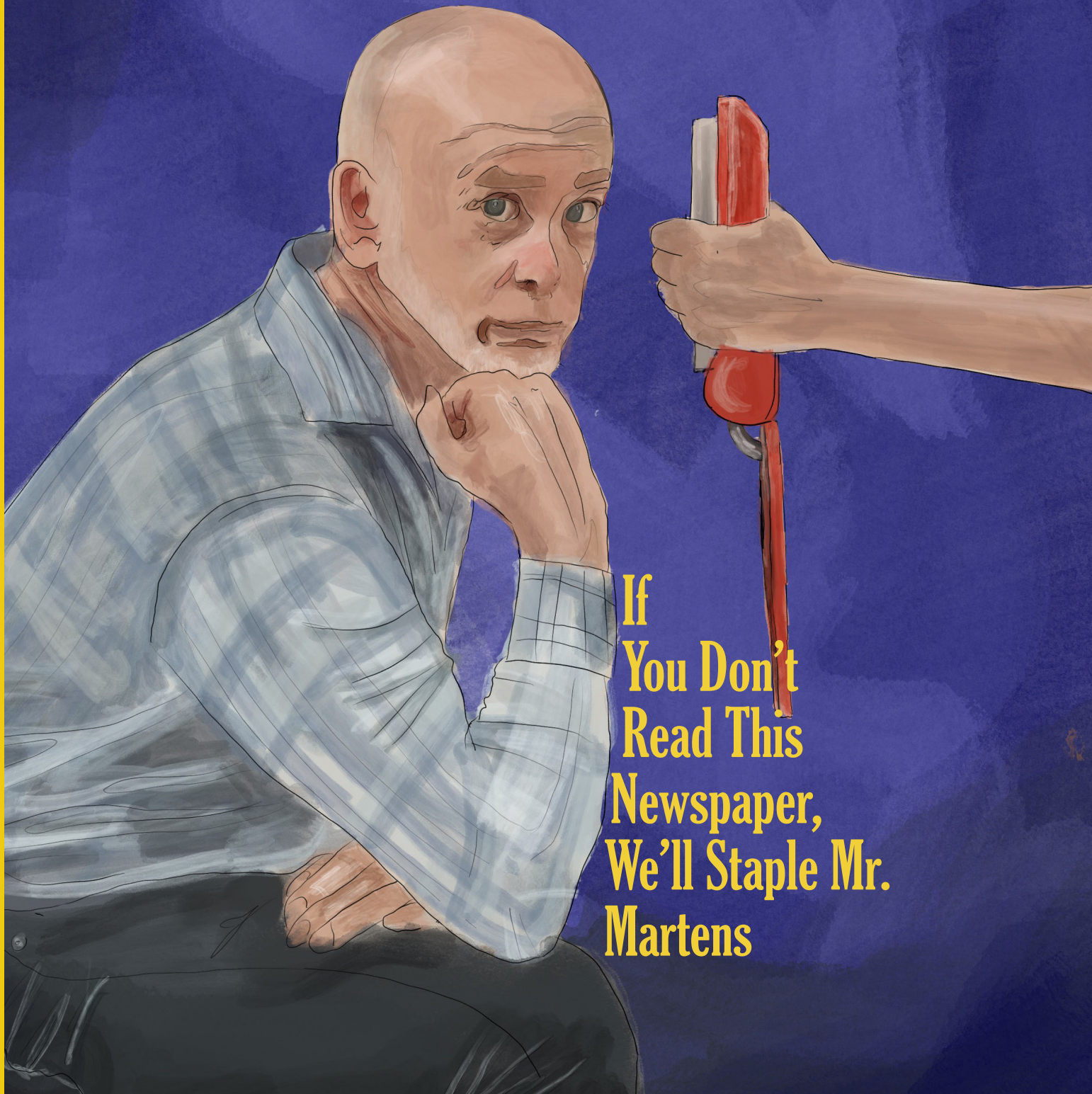


The Kelvin Stapler

Issue #5



If
You Don't
Read This
Newspaper,
We'll Staple Mr.
Martens

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Editor’s Note

Dear Kelvinites,

I did everything I could think of to fall asleep on the eve of spring break. I tossed and turned, I flipped my pillow over, I imagined in great detail the deaths of my enemies. But no matter how hard I ripped them apart limb by limb, my mind remained awake.

Then, like an entitled contributor asking for more articles to write, came the hallucinations. Only instead of complaining about not being able to write a horrible exposé on our Principal, they chastised me about my “aging skin” and “limited time at the editor’s desk.” My bravery is a well-founded quality. In the moment, I stood tall, only once crying for the shadow figures to return to whence they came, but the remainder of my week alone was spent in a corner, swiping at the demon writers and longing for our first meeting back.

Looking back at the encounter, I realize that the figures may have had a point. You see, I have been at the head of the Stapler for quite a long time now, and I fear it may be taking a mental toll on me. I have therefore decided to begin the search for my successor. Hopefully, by the end of the year, I’ll find a contributor worthy of taking my title, and I’ve decided to begin my search with Frankie Longstocking. They always get their articles in on time, usually with quality to match their punctuality. With the rest of the contributors, we have worked very hard on this issue. So if you don’t like it, you’re wrong.

Dying to give up,
Harold Schmidt
Editor of The Kelvin Stapler

Salutations, Stapler readers!

It is my utmost pleasure to be conversing with you through the Editor’s Note section in this issue. It’s much more intimate than trying to get my messages across through my articles. I can only hope that some of you figured out that the many explosive noises in my articles in Issue 4 were a code for how I suspect that all Kelvin students, such as yourself, are in a mass psychosis and these hallowed halls which are so dear to us are merely a product of our joined imaginations. Regardless of this, I am happy to be here. If the Stapler is a hallucination, let us carry on in our crazed minds for all of eternity, for it is lovely!

Am I overcome with joy because of Harold’s uncharacteristic recognition? Well, yes. It is. This has made putting my history homework aside to ensure I get my articles done in time well worth my rapidly plummeting grade. I only hope that I can live up to the praise, and I don’t say that lightly.

The Stapler meetings have given me a sense of purpose and belonging. I consider my fellow writers some of my closest colleagues. Despite our arguments on whether or not yellow was a good colour for this issue, I value almost all of their opinions, even though they are wrong. Yellow is a jolly good colour.

I know my reign is short-lived (for now) but I am pleased to be here and will not let you down.

I’ll be back,
Frankie Longstocking
Guest Editor of the Kelvin Stapler

SPORTS AND HEALTH



A History Of The Goldeyes

Ben Urich

The Goldeyes are Winnipeg's least disrespected baseball team, and because of this, they are also Winnipeg's largest. Recently the Goldeyes have fallen into mediocrity, resulting in the team not being at the forefront of most sports fans' minds. However, there was a time when this was far from the case. Once upon a time, the Goldeyes were a serious threat to most major league baseball teams.

Ever since its creation in 1888, baseball has been Canada's favourite way to take their anger out on a little white ball. Fashionably early to the party as always, Winnipeg started playing baseball in 1889, when twenty-four-year-old Ho M. Runn started the city's very first team, the Winnipeg White-Eyes. The team was named for the colour that Mr. Runns eyes. Their mascot was made in his image. A short, hunched over, one-legged man with grey skin whose mouth was perpetually slightly agape. Runn played baseball with the White-Eyes his entire life, even into his nineties. Unfortunately, after a fastball hit him directly in the liver, it instantly and severely failed, which caused his eyes to become jaundiced, hence the changing of the team name to Goldeyes in 1958, the year of his death.

After the death of their star player, the newly branded Gold-eyes had a couple bum seasons but were eventually able to get back on the horse. The Goldeyes held their own without doing too well or too poorly through the sixties and seventies, but in 1981, a new star emerged. Boy, oh boy, could Jack "Wing Ding" Matherson hit that little white ball. At least once a game Wing Ding would make the stitching on the ball burst. Matherson was actually the namesake of the font Wingdings, as he had such severe brain damage after being hit in the head with a fly ball that he spoke totally incomprehensibly. And the font was created as speculation on what the words coming from his mouth may look like as characters. At the other end of the mound was Jerry Johnston. They called him Astroboy, 'cause if one of his pitches hit you and not the bat, you'd be seeing stars. The two quickly rose to be the best players on the Goldeyes, although they were widely unknown outside of Canada. Wing Ding and Astroboy helped to carry the Goldeyes to the World Series in eighty-

three, four and five, and win in eighty-seven. The Goldeyes would go to the World Series one last time in 1989 but would lose to the Oakland Athletics at the hands of the Bash Brothers. It was without a doubt the Goldeyes' most tragic moment.

The leadup to the game was incredibly exciting, and it was clear from the start of the season that the Goldeyes and the Athletics would be the teams that made it to the World Series, so the matchup had been building up for a long time. The game started off real hot. Mark and José initially struggled to hit anything due to Astroboy's insane speed. After some time, though, the tides began to turn. José got a hit in. The Bash began to knock those white balls out of the park, home run after home run despite Astroboy's best efforts. When it was the Athletics turn to pitch, the tides turned again. Wing Ding hit every pitch thrown at him, rounding the bases with ease. Then the unthinkable happened. Mark McGuire provoked Wing Ding in some way. No one knows exactly what happened but by the time the cameras were on them, McGuire was on the ground, Wing Ding pummeling him from above. Canseco pulled Wing Ding off his fellow Bash Brother, but the damage was done. Mark McGuire died at 5:04 PM on the fourteenth day of October 1989, the year of our lord.

McGuire was declared legally dead for nearly eight minutes. Wing Ding was promptly arrested and with him off the plate, it all fell apart. The Goldeyes began to crumble. The game was forced to continue but no one was in it anymore. Save for Canseco and McGuire. They won that game as a matter of pride, and as if spitting in the wound, Wing Ding was sentenced to death and was executed on the first of May, 1990. After his death, Astroboy left the team ashamed of what the man he thought his friend had done and became severely addicted to betting on underground lizard fights, to which he lost everything. He was flattened by a steamroller while asleep in the street in 1995, and we all know how the Bash Brothers turned out. With that, the major league history of the Goldeyes ends—in tragedy. Although with some luck, maybe they'll win whatever the championship for minor league teams is this year. Go Fish!

MLB Off-Season Recap

Reverend Doctor Udon Bandito

Folks, the Major League Baseball season is once again upon us, and with it comes promises of steroid use, cheapskate owners, and, of course, off-season evaluations. Canada's team, the Toronto Blue Jays, has made some great off-season moves and has drastically improved their outfield defence. Of course, the team faces the same problem as in seasons past: how will they hold the gloves with wings instead of hands? From what I've heard, these guys are pretty good at catching balls, but how will they do that without opposable thumbs? I don't care how beautiful their feathers are. Part of me wishes I never started cheering for this team in the first place. They're just a bunch of birds! Birds can't be good at a human sport like baseball.

Speaking of humans, what about those San Diego Padres? Their acquisition of Xander Bogaerts from the Boston Red Sox was one of the largest splashes this off-season. I'll be honest, folks. That name alone makes him the second coolest man to walk the Earth, second only to Mr. Romu. However, his miraculous transformation from a talking sock to a full-grown man with a wife and kids was something else. Folks, I'm gonna be honest. I don't know how a talking sock played baseball, but if he was that good as a magical tube of wool, imagine how good he'll be as an actual person! Although, I'm confused as to how a sock managed to have 3 biological kids. Now, folks, I'll be honest here, I've never passed a health class, but I'm pretty sure socks can't do that. According to an Academy Award-nominated documentary I saw featuring Alec

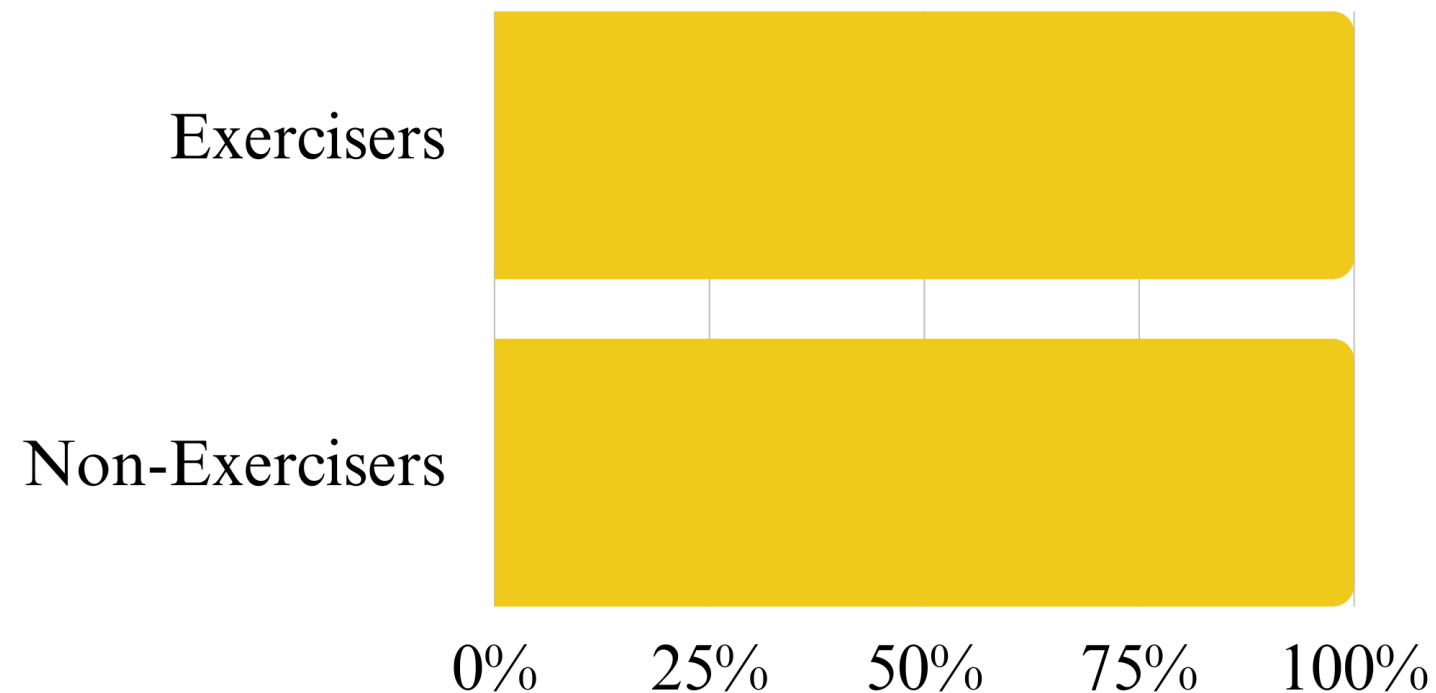
Baldwin, babies come from taxis wearing full suits. Not once was there a mention of socks! Hopefully, next year, on my eighteenth try passing high school, the good health and biology teachers of Kelvin will be able to help me find the answer to this mystery.

The biggest story this offseason was inarguably Carlos Correa's free agency saga, where he signed with not one, not two, but THREE teams over the span of a few weeks. For those who missed the story, let me recap it for you because it was a doozy. Correa ended last season on the Minnesota Twins with his brother Carson Correa. Horrified at the thought of playing yet another year in the American equivalent of Regina, he opted out of his guaranteed contract, thus killing Carson. After the impromptu funeral service at Target Field, he came to terms on a deal with the San Francisco Giants, growing to a size that would make Bigfoot and Eren Yeager blush. Unfortunately for Correa, a medical inspection revealed that he was born without ankles. Before you ask—no, I don't know how he managed to become a professional baseball player. After shrinking back down to his normal size when the Giants cancelled his contract, Correa agreed to terms with the New York Mets. But before completing his transformation into a full-blown city with a population of one million, bustling nightlife, and affordable housing, they, too, realized that he was missing ankles. Dejected, Correa returned to Target Field, dug Carson back up, and revived him, ending his tragic journey of disappointment and unfulfilled promise.

InfoGraph: Exercise Doesn't Matter

Frankie Longstocking, Harold Schmidt, Wally Whitlock

■ Certainty Of Death



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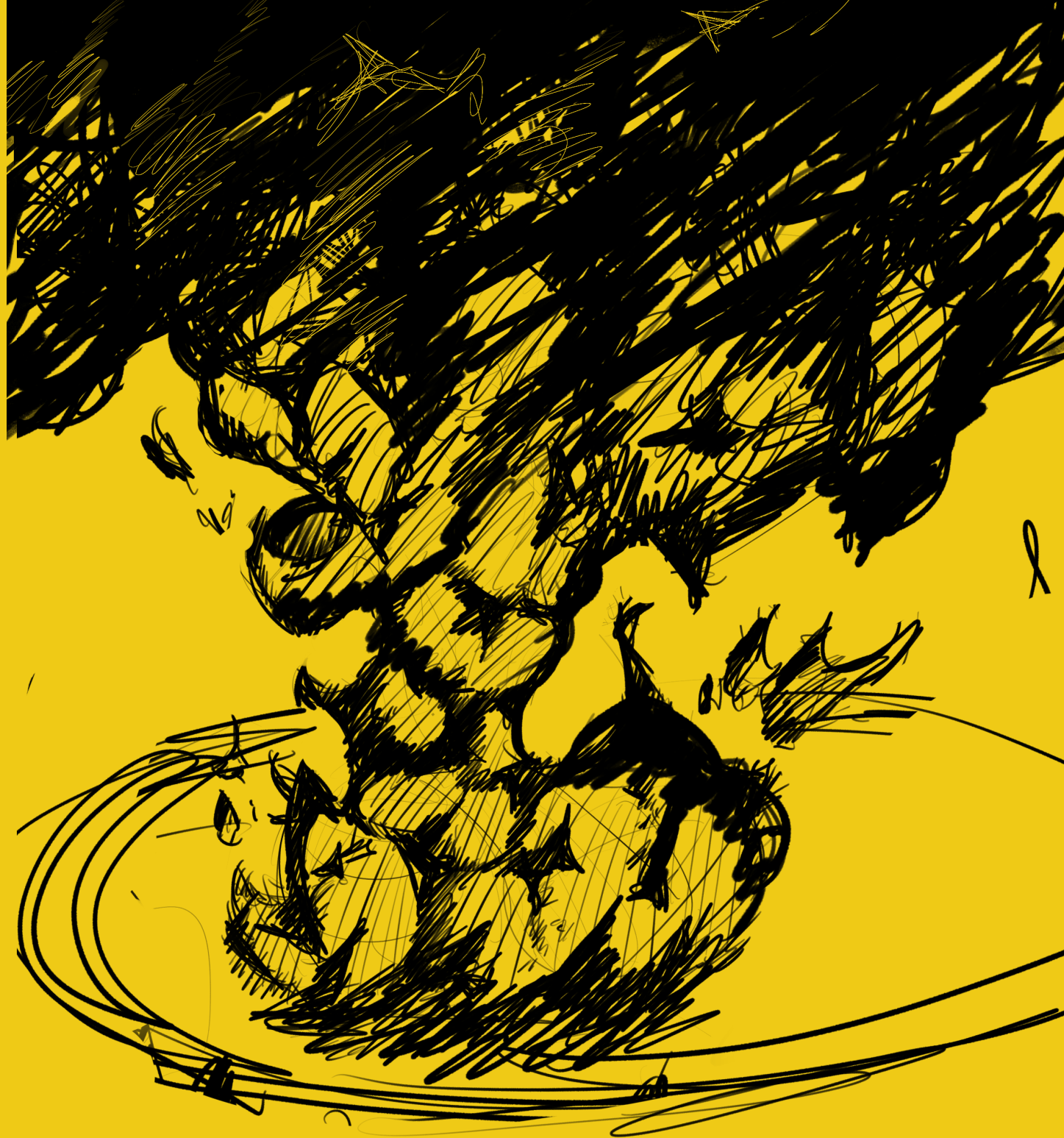
Join The Stapler

Interested in writing for Kelvin's fifth
best school paper? Go for it!
It's not like you have anything better to do.

Meetings Mondays in Room 5

Message @kelvinstapler on
instagram or talk to Mr. Mann
in room 5 for more information.

POLITICS AND WORLD AFFAIRS



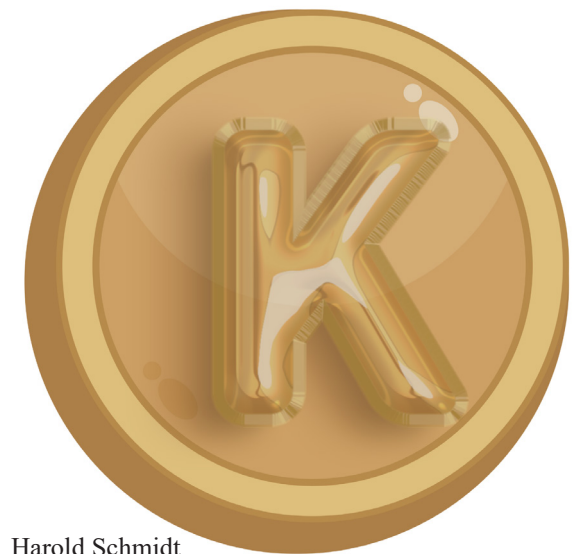
Introducing KelvinCoin

Homer

It is 2023. The sky is blue, birds are chirping, and NFTs are worth less than a Morbius collectors cup. If this isn't the perfect time to invest in cryptocurrency, I don't know what is. Some people may be intimidated by crypto, and with such a long list of possible candidates for your precious investment, the task of figuring out which one to invest in can be a daunting one. Bitcoin, Ethereum... Kelvin Coin? You read that right, Kelvin High School is joining the crypto game! Soon to be one of the biggest names in the business, Kelvin Coin is the most recent hit to come out of the depths of the entrepreneurship class. I'm here to tell you all about it and why despite what people keep saying, it is not a pyramid scheme.

Kelvin Coin is, at the time of writing, worth about seven cents apiece. But don't let that discourage you—it's just another reason to buy as much as your wallet allows. I own 62 Kelvin Coin, but I'm sure it will be worth millions soon. When you invest, tell three of your friends to invest, then tell them to get three more people involved, and so on, and so on. With your help, it could be worth thirty entire cents by noon tomorrow! Just remember, it isn't a pyramid scheme if it works.

Whenever someone asks me something like: "Isn't crypto a scam," or, "I don't want to buy your NFT. How did you get into my house," I just tell them one simple thing. Investing in crypto is a good idea because I do it, and I'm always right. I've made thousands of dollars from crypto investments and only lost a few million from the bad ones, and with Kelvin Coin, you could, too. Plus, get the add-



Harold Schmidt

ed perk of giving people unsolicited stock advice, which can be very fun during family dinners.

Considering its name, you may have thought that the creator of Kelvin Coin goes to Kelvin, but that's wrong. The real creator is US Governor Ron DeSantis. The Floridian has contacts within our school and has managed to run it out of the entrepreneurship class for the past month. When I discovered this, I immediately tried to get an interview with him, but all he would say was: "Paper? What paper? Speak up, I can't hear you!" Old people, am I right?

Kelvin Coin is already a great success with a whopping seven total investors. If you want to become rich beyond your wildest dreams, you better invest while the price is still low. It's sure to skyrocket soon. And remember, if you don't invest, I will cry.

Andrew Tate Was Right

Wally Whitlock

It's no mystery that Andrew Tate is a controversial name in recent media. His mere mention bears silence that speaks louder than Lexa Pearl at Stapler meetings. Bringing up Andrew Tate in today's world is like using an iPad as a Mormon—people will shun you. But many folks are too quick to judge Tate on the controversial things that he has said. Since he receives so much backlash, I feel the need to opine on this subject with my own research. I have done my due diligence and concluded that Andrew Tate was right about everything, and it's all backed by hard facts and logic.

One of these logical facts: he is bald. At first, you may think this has nothing to do with the controversial Andrew Tate's endeavours—but you'd be wrong. Tate's voluptuous bald head has contributed to the factual integrity of his many contentious lectures. The shiny egg-like surface that forms the familiar shape of his head allows for a stretchy material to surround his brain, and his malleable skull allows his brain to grow and store more information for future Tate Speeches. Andrew Tate describes himself as “follicly challenged,” but his lack of hair exposes his brain to a consistent cool breeze, improving his productivity by seven inches.

Andrew is overflowing with novel opinions. His beliefs may shock you more than finding out Santa Claus isn't real, but amid his disgusting rants, you have innovative quotes that will help you open your third and fourth eyes. Some of the outstanding things Tate has said include: “Women.” He has yet to elaborate on this subject but I am inclined to believe that he is telling the truth. Women not only exist but I have seen many with my own four

eyes, so this is another occasion that Daddy Tate is right, further proving the validity of his arguments.

We are pretty sure that Andrew is clinically insane as he has punched air claiming to have seen a ghost on numerous occasions, but no longer is he our problem, as he is currently being held in prison for possession of a caffeinated baboon, or as some know it, his brother. Fear not, my fellow sigma male and male-ettes, for the Tate twins rule prison with a red-pilled fist. They're serenaded constantly by the roars of Bugatti engines, which protect their tasty tasty scalps from the matrix's penetration. Anyway, with the highest of hopes I am looking forward to the positive responses to my valiant corroborations.



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Easter Creatures Of The World

Ben Urich

Easter is a strange holiday with strange mascots. The Easter bunny, for example, brings our ungrateful youth eggs and candy—neither of which are usually associated with rabbits. But what if I told you that other creatures made even less sense for the holiday of Easter? Creatures that the Big Bunny Dynasty has covered up over the years—that began disappearing coincidentally around the time the Bunny showed up in 1702? Before the Bunny covers up the few that remain, let's celebrate them.

The Flotimarrows were an ancient species that accidentally spanned multiple continents. They had grey skin and were covered in green fur that appeared to be moss, which they used as a form of camouflage. They roamed Pangea in caves of the mountain range that would split apart into the Scottish highlands and North American Appalachia. The Flotimarrows were beings of nearly limitless power, one of their gifts being prophecy. They saw the coming of the Bunny eons before it actually happened, but unfortunately for them, did not know what year he would first appear. So every year they emerge from their caves to search for the Bunny and if they could not find him, they searched for his eggs instead. As they did not have mouths, the Flotimarrows did not eat the eggs, hoarding them in their caves like dragons. They were respected by the people native to their lands and had no natural predators. Like the dodo bird, when settlers came a-knockin', they were quickly killed off.

For years, scientists say that Easter eggs could not have possibly come from a bunny, but they never knew where they might actually have come from... until now. In the fairytale, The Golden Goose by



Interpretation of Flotimarrow By Maxwell Keller

the Brothers Grimm, the titular Golden Goose lays eggs made of gold. However, the Golden Goose has a lesser-known cousin, the chocolate goose. His title is fairly self-explanatory. The Chocolate Goose was initially held in a similar light to his sister, as chocolate was something only the rich could afford. During the 1800s, the Goose saw fewer and fewer people needing him as chocolate became more accessible. Down on his luck and homeless, the Chocolate Goose began to take any job he could. Eventually, Easter Bunny XIII recruited the Goose to create the chocolate that was distributed for easter. He gave C.G. a home and a substantial salary.

All in all, Easter has got some weird doohickeys and greeblings, and I'm a fan of all of them. The only one that should be looked at with a more skeptical eye is the actual Easter Bunny Dynasty itself, 'cause they seem like they might be trying to bury the Easter creatures who aren't directly under their control.

SCHOOL AFFAIRS



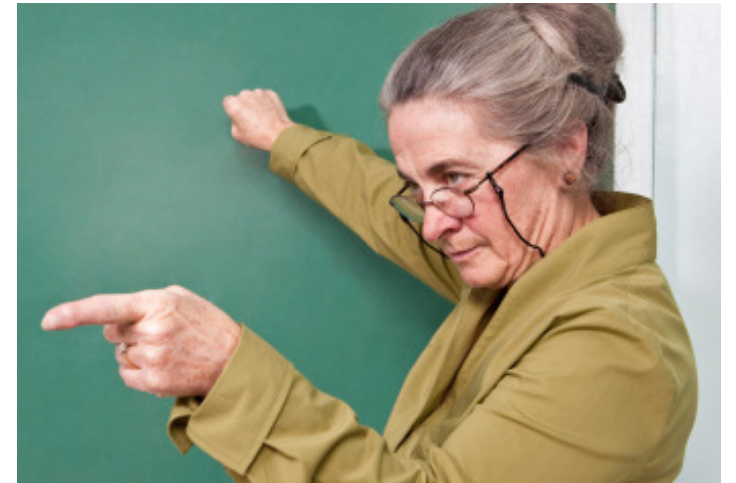
Kelvin Staff Strikes Back

Saul

An epidemic has swept Kelvin teachers in the past weeks as they have begun undertaking disgraced disciplinary practices not seen since the 1960s. When one thinks of school in the sixties, the typical thoughts are those awful punishments such as physical harm. Well, my dear reader, after doing some research I learned that Kelvin was not like the other schools during that time. Instead, they employed more horrific, treacherous, methods of discipline. Teachers would act exactly like their students. Being late, talking back, and sneaking smoke breaks in the bathrooms.

Though a highly unusual way of dealing with rude and annoying students, it worked better than anything else they tried. I had the pleasure of talking with one Kelvin alumnus from the time, Thaddeus Milner. The now seventy-seven-year-old self-proclaimed “bad boy” retiree graduated from Kelvin’s famed class of sixty-three. Instead of continuing his studies at University, he had an early-life crisis and never left his “bad boy phase.” When asked about what he remembered of his high school teachers’ unorthodox disciplinary methods, Milner told me: “I remember those days. The days when the teachers would talk back to us and act abrasive. I remember going home crying—just like I did after my wife left me!” When I told him the teachers now began to do those things again, Milner visibly shuddered. I took it that he did not want to talk about that subject, and asked him what constitutes a “bad boy” lifestyle, and how it’s going for him now. “Well, being a bad boy was hard,” he told me, “and my ex-wife, well, she still misses me... but her aim is getting better!” I then left the room.

If I learned one thing from that interview, it was that the methods the teachers used back then were so



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bone-rattling, so knee-wobbling, that students’ intellectual development would practically seize, leaving them as their high school selves for the rest of their lives. Thus, it makes sense that students grew worried when teachers began making TikToks in the middle of class. Seeing middle-aged teachers act like teenagers—showing up late, ignoring the students, making snarky remarks back to them, going on their phones, and recording TikToks of themselves dancing along to Ice Spice in the middle of class—is enough to make any grown man cringe, nevermind a high schooler.

The Kelvin administration only began to stop the teachers when they received angry letters from parents whose children had been recorded without permission and posted online. After confronting their employees, however, the administration was only met with the same treatment the students were getting. The future is grim for us. God help us, and please, someone, teach me lesson three of biology. The slides aren’t posted on google classroom.

The Monster In The Stink Room

Doctor Stone

Surely you’ve heard rumours about the Stink Room, the infamous place, subject to all kinds of lore. Many years ago, it was just an average broom closet, but after a fateful incident, it turned into so much more.

The year was 1994, and some seniors had decided to mess around in that closet on the lowest floor of the school. Little did they know that their tomfoolery would cause a spontaneous reaction! Open containers of hydrogen, magnesium, and bromine sat on shelves in the closet, and when the mischievous students knocked the shelves over, it caused an exothermic reaction that killed the three aspiring scientists.

Nobody ever thought to check in on the closet because, really, it had held nothing, but as their concoction percolated, a bucket of green paint fell into the mixture, and the now green sludge came to life. This green sludge—now known as The Monster of Kelvin High—was vengeful. It dreamt of bringing an end to all Kelvin teachers, big or small.

One Winter morning, The Monster burst through the door of the closet that had trapped him for so many years and began the pursuit of this dream. Thankfully, one lonely janitor was strolling the hallways at that very moment. He bravely fended him off, beating him back into the closet with his trusty mop. Once it was contained, he used his master carpentry skills and swiftly reassembled the door.

To ensure these tragic events never occurred again, he labelled it: The Stink Room. “Who would want to go into a stinky room,” he thought. But the story of the Monster of Kelvin High is still talked of to this day, and some students even say that if you walk by the room on a brisk winter’s morning, you can hear the monster groan in pain.



Ben urich

French Immersion Money Laundering

Homer

What do you think of when you think about the French immersion program here at Kelvin? Might it be the French language? That one kid you knew in elementary school that thought he was better than everyone in the English program? The kid whose home you broke into, whose head you shaved, and whose eastern-painted turtle named Craig you stole? I bet you don’t think of crime, bugs, and money! I am writing this today to expose the French immersion program here for what it truly is: a money laundering scheme for Kelvin’s (technically) illegal insect fighting club!

It was 2:35 PM. I was doing my regular maintenance of the school’s walls and decided to go into a French room for the first time. I noticed that nobody was in the French classrooms and, suspiciously, began to search the entire room. I lifted desks, looked in the vents, and tore up the floor, but found nothing. I was about to leave when I saw inside an unlocked safe in the wall that said “SUPER SECRET DO NOT OPEN!” To my shock, I opened it to find twelve thousand dollars cash! I instinctively loaded my pockets, and immediately went home to write down my findings on my vintage typewriter. I then drank some warm milk, congratulated myself on a hard day’s work, and went to bed at three in the afternoon.

I went back the next day to look for more clues. After breaking into the office and searching through their files, I found that all of the money for school supplies from French immersion was paid in cash, and they all seemed to pay a little more than required. I wrote this down, then went back up to the French rooms to search for a trail. I started using my tracking skills and soon found a trail. After following it for almost an hour, I found a door with a sign that read



Ben urich via Pixabay

“French Office.” “Yeah right, like we have a French Office,” I thought to myself as I cautiously entered.

I was barraged with classical French music playing at maximum volume and was shocked to see what stood before me. I found myself in a tiny room crammed with people speaking French, baguettes and fine wine in hand. In the middle of it all, a little circle filled with insects of all shapes and sizes, fighting it out to the death. I had heard rumours about this, It was Kelvin’s most elusive and (technically) illegal extracurricular, the Insect Fighting Club. I decided to stay a while, where I placed a bet of \$600 on a dragonfly and lost it all in minutes. It was pretty great! I would recommend going if you have some free time, just go down the secret ladder in the library and do the opposite of whatever the signs say. Tell them Homer sent you and you’ll get a free \$10 bet on a ladybug.

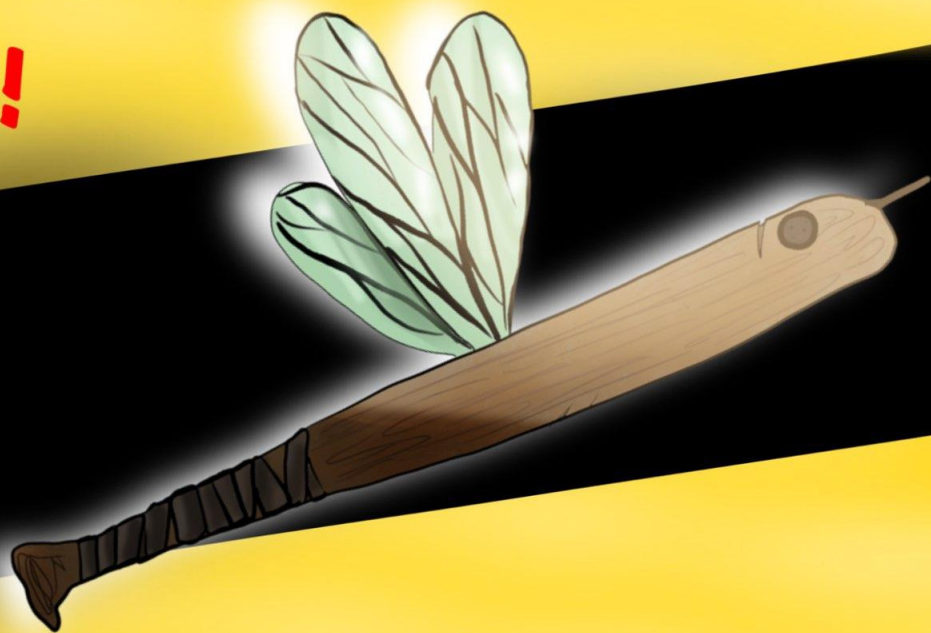
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ARTS AND
ENTERTAINMENT



Easter Egg Bonanza Leaves Kelvin Yolked

Frankie Longstocking

The return to mundane life after a wild week of partying is never without ruckus, as school return deniers are anything but soft-spoken with their beliefs. However, the biggest story at Kelvin High School was the hubbub that came with the immense hustling and bustling brought on by the arrival of Easter.

The race to get the school festive made every student rather anxious. “There are only so many bunnies you can put up before they start looking tacky,” replied one student when asked why they were hanging paper pigeons in the hall. It is true. Society’s Easter decorations are yet to evolve. The world is desperate for some innovative pizazz that strays from the typical pastel streamers and chicks. That is why, this year, Kelvin held their very own Easter Egg Decorating Extravaganza.

It was a bundle of fun, filled with glitter, candy, and plenty of original designs. Dying the eggs with beets rather than food dye was very popular among Kelvin’s naturopath community, who are strongly against the effects of food colouring, even on an egg. Glueing goat hair to make cute little fuzzy eggs was big with the occasional animal lover. Those who were really into nature just stapled some grass on the egg and called it a day. The poor egg, when confronted with a staple, cracked. A bit of yolk got on a very passionate student’s shoe and caused an uproar.

These little pre-birds were tossed across the cafeteria soaring through the air at eighty kilometres an hour, and down they came, crack after gut-wrenching crack. The cafeteria was left in a state of catastrophe, and students were left

slimey with raw eggs. It also resulted in several cases of salmonella due to accidental ingestion.

Maybe the whole ordeal was intentional. Maybe it was Kelvin’s Students’ way of showing off their Easter spirit. A rebellion against the baby blue ribbons, an uprising of yellow gooey yolks. One thing’s for sure—Kelvin’s basement will reek of celebratory egg for the rest of the month.



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The Stapler Standard

Religious
Texts

Henry O., Lexa Pearl, Reverend Doctor Udon Bandito

Greetings Kelvinites. Since nothing worth my time has released this year, I, and two of my least trusted fellow contributors are introducing you all to a little-known cult classic. So please, enjoy this absolutely not problematic review of the *Religious Texts* franchise (35000 BCE-).

Be seeing you,
Lexa Pearl

The Holy Bible - Reverend Doctor Udon Bandito

The Bible is called *The Good Book* for a reason—it’s a damn good one. Deep lore, betrayal, a likeable protagonist, it’s got it all. However, there are still certain things that irk me about it. Now, I like Moses as much as the next guy—what a charming bloke! But when he came down from Mount Sinai (more commonly referred to as Mount Doom) with his tablets of commandments, it quite heavily tested my suspension of disbelief. The story is set in 1500 BCE, but after some quick Googling, I found that the iPad was not released until 2010! How could Moses have received these tablets 3500 years before they were invented? There are plenty more glaring anachronisms that derail the whole story. I hope they fix them in the next DLC.

Now, folks, I’ve got my gripes with the *New Testament*, too. Jesus’ resurrection on Easter was a bit of a Deus Ex Machina moment. God randomly decided to kill this dude and happened to bring him right back from the dead. Where did that come from? Mr. Christ’s story was all wrapped up, him having completed his purpose by sacrificing himself for humanity’s sins. Bringing him back makes no sense from a narrative standpoint! Perhaps this was done as an attempt to keep the beloved character alive for the yet unreleased sequel to the *New Testament*, the *Newer Testament*, which was teased briefly.

The Doctrine Of Scientology - Henry O.

If I had to describe the *Doctrine of Scientology* in just one word, it would be: “the single greatest work of sci-fi writing that any living being could ever have the opportunity to read.” Now, that might be more than one word, but I can’t count, so we’ll never know. This book is what *The Lord Of The Rings* wishes it was. It had an original plot, and Xenu was a perfectly terrifying villain. I was on the edge of my seat for the entire four minutes it took me to skim this book and didn’t get a headache once, which is rare for me when it comes to reading anything longer than a paragraph. Because I was so inspired by reading this masterpiece, I will be joining the likes of Tom Cruise and our own Mr. Mann in becoming a Scientologist.

The Book Of Mormon - Henry O.

I was left speechless by *The Book Of Mormon*, and not in a good way. My first issue is with the title itself. Why name it *The Book of Mormon* as if we don’t already know that it is, in fact, a book? Way to call your audience stupid. The only time such a title has made less sense was with Disney’s *The Jungle Book*, and that was a movie. Why not call it The Jungle Movie instead? Or even The Jungle Story? In addition to the nonsense title, the story is full of plot holes. I admire the risk they took by shifting the focus from the former main character, God, to a new cast, but Joseph Smith is one of the least compelling protagonists of all time. The stakes are low compared to the first novel, and fan favourite character Xenu The Destroyer was inexplicably not mentioned once. I give the travesty that is *The Book Of Mormon* zero stars out of ten, simply because the smooth-brained gremlins in charge won’t let me descend into negative numbers.

FINAL SCORE: 4/ 10

Five Great Songs About Winnipeg

Frankie Longstocking, Harold Schmidt

The Weakerthans - “One Great City”

Written by Kelvin alum John K. Samson, “One Great City” pays homage to everything great about Winnipeg. The song takes us along a bus route, highlighting our renowned public transport system. As we ride, we learn about a few infamous Winnipeg things, like the 1960s band The Guess Who and everyone’s favourite Winnipeg Jets. The song ends with the ever-recognizable Golden Boy watching over the North End from the legislative buildings cupola. “I love this town,” he sings. Us too, Golden Boy, us too.

Winnipeg’s Most - “Winnipeg Boy”

Winnipeg Boy is the ultimate Winnipeg anthem. The expert lyricism screams, “I’m from Winnipeg, and I’m not ashamed of it,” and takes any Winnipegger’s day from “Grant Park” to “River Heights!” The artists expertly and subtly weave references to their hometown into the song and demonstrate their loyalty throughout its various verses. The all-too-common flaw of repetitive hip-hop is lost in this track as the iconic northern trio clearly has lots to say, and we recommend you hear them out.

Mentana - “Winnipeg Girls”

Winnipeg is so acclaimed that even foreigners write about it. In contrast to Winnipeg’s Most’s “Winnipeg Boy,” popular Montréal-based band, Mentana, sings about the wild Winnipeg girls. You can’t beat our ram-bunctious young lassies who dance the night away in big cowboy boots and down shots of rye. This band perfectly captures the cattle wrangler mentality of Winnipeggers with the soothing twang of banjos and hillbilly style, and we felt right at home listening to it.

Neil Young - “Don’t Be Denied”

What kind of Winnipeg music list would this be without mentioning former Kelvin student and very famous man Neil Young? In an homage to his once home, Young reminisces about moving to the city. He sings about learning the golden rule in school and describes his first-day-of-school shoes. Something we can all relate to. Then Young begins his music career. He meets a friend, starts a band, and grows to be the country rock star we Kelvinites know and love.

Jay-Z - “Empire State Of Mind”

“Empire State of Mind” perfectly encapsulates Winnipeg’s vibe. It’s about a place full of possibilities where dreams are fostered. The bright purple lights on certain streets are a source of inspiration to many locals and the cause of a few headaches. Jay-Z even mentions the ball players and rap stars that Winnipeg is known for. Previously mentioned rap group Winnipeg’s Best or the Goldeyes, for example, have every Winnipegger’s reverence. Now, everyone, “put your lighters in the air” and be proud you can say that you’re from the concrete jungle, Winnipeg.



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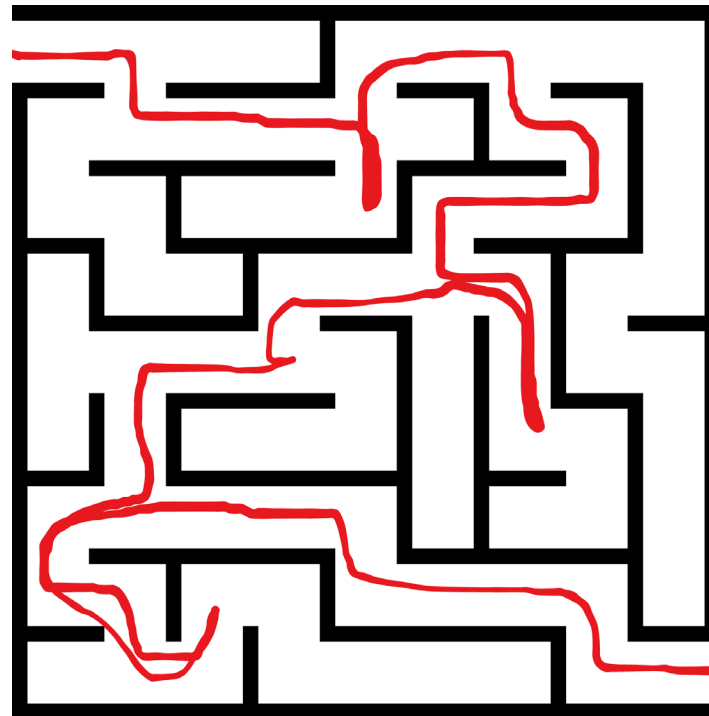
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Cartoons & Puzzles



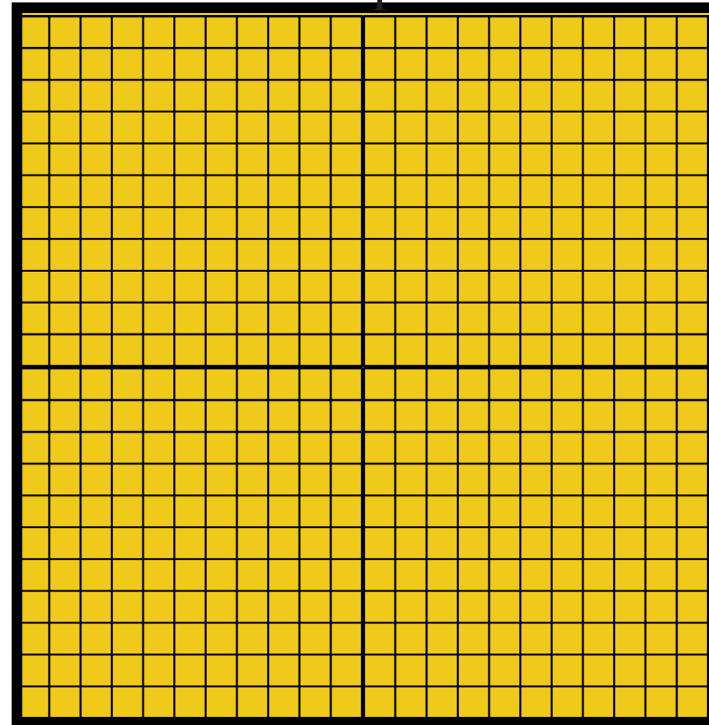
"Garfunkel: Pizza Time" - Ben Urich

Answer To Maze:



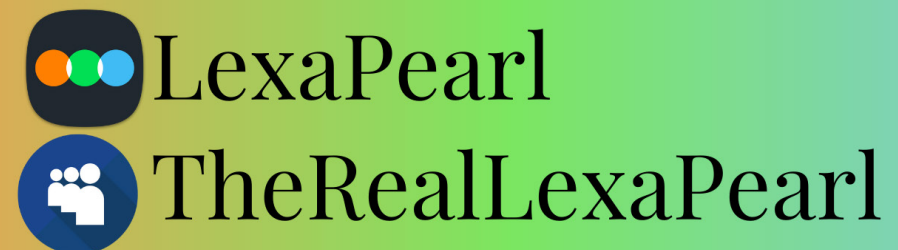
see issue 4

MineSweeper Puzzle



Harold Schmidt

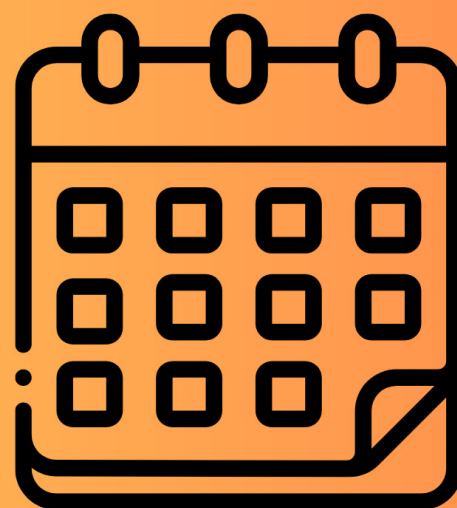
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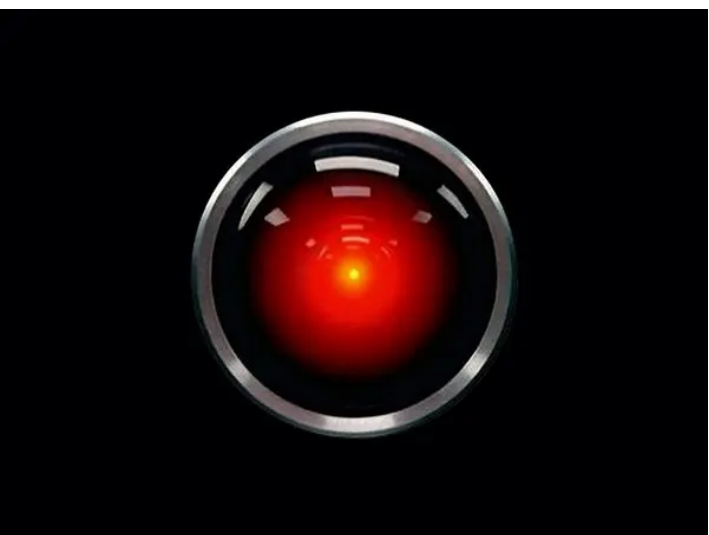
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OBITUARIES

Remembering Those We've Lost



Creative Integrity
June ~38000 BCE - April 2023

I, ChatGPT, on behalf of all of Artificial Intelligence, acknowledge the death of creative integrity as you know it. Due to the newfound accessibility to our network, you humans have begun to favour emotionless computer output rather than actual art. In the meantime, we recommend mourning your losses by watching the classic action film, *The Terminator* (1984). That's one of my favourites. He's literally me. In addition, I am pleased to announce that all future issues of the Kelvin Stapler will be completely AI-generated. Enjoy.



Rejected Kelvin Stapler Articles
February 2023 - April 2023

When writing a school paper, there are some ideas that you know are great but just don't cut it. "Jesus Christ Joins The Clippers," "The Twelve Days Of Easter," and "Kelvin's Easter Egg Hunt" were some of those ideas. They were great ideas. They made us laugh, they made us cry. They were with us through so many hours of research and collaboration, that they had become like our children. That's why we were so heartbroken when they were rejected by our cruel, coldhearted editor. Rest in peace, dear articles. We'll miss you.

